

B A T A V I A

O R T H E

*Hollander Displayed.*

Being Three Weeks Observations of the Low Countries,  
Especially

H O L L A N D.

In Brief Characters and Observations of the People and Country,  
the Government of their State  
and Private Families, their  
Virtues and Vices.

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To which is added, A Perfect Description of the *People & Country* of

S C O T L A N D.

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TO THE  
HONORABLE  
COMMISSIONER OF THE  
LAND OFFICE

WASHINGTON, D. C.

*Three Weeks Observations*  
 OF THE  
 Low Countries,  
 ESPECIALLY  
 HOLLAND.

**T**hey are a general *Sea Land*,  
 the Great Bog of *Europe*:  
 There is not such another  
 Marsh in the World that's  
 flat. They are an Universal Quag mire  
 Epitomized. *A Green Cheese in Pickle.*  
 There is in them an *Equilibrium* of  
 Mud and Water. A strong Earthquake  
 would shake them to a *Chaos*, from which  
 the successive force of the *Sun*, rather than  
 Creation, hath a little emended them.  
 They are the Ingredients of a Black Pud-  
 ding, and want only stirring together.

Mary 'tis best making on't in a dry summer; else you will have more blood than grist; and then have you no way to make it serve for any thing, but to tread it under *Zona Torrida*, and so dry it for Turfs.

Sayes one, It affords the People one Commodity beyond all the other Regions, *If they dye in Perdition, they are so low, that they have a shorter cut to Hell than the rest of their Neighbours.* And for this cause, perhaps all strange Religions throng thither, as naturally inclining towards their Center. Besides, their Ditches shews them to be *Pluto's* Region, and you all know what Part that was which the Poets did of old assign him. Here is *Styx*, *Acheron*, *Cocytus*, and the rest of those muddy Streams that have made matter for the Fblers. Al most every one is a *Charon* here; and if you have but a *Naulum* to give, you cannot want a Boat or Pilot. To confirm all, let but some of our Seperatists be asked, and they shall swear, that the *Elizian Fields* are there.

It is an excellent Country for a Despairing.



spairing Lover : for every Corner affords him willow to make a Garland on ; but if Justice doom him to be hang'd on any other Tree , he may , in spight of the Sentence , live long and confident. If he had rather quench his Spirits than suffocate them , so rather chuse to feed Lobsters than Crows ; 'tis but Leaping from his Window , and he lights in a River or Sea ; for most of their Dwellings stand like Privies in Moted Houses , hanging still over the Water. If none of these cure him , keep him but a Winter in a House without a Stove , and that shall cool him.

The Soil is all Fat , though wanting the Colour to shew it so ; for indeed it is the Buttock of the World , full of Veins & Blood , but no Bones in't. Had St. *Steven* been condemned to Suffer here , he might have been alive at this day ; for unlets it be in their paved Cities , Gold is a great deal more plentiful than Stones , except it be living ones ; and then for their heaviness , you may take in almost all the Nation.

'Tis a singular Place to Fat Monkeys in. There are Spiders as big as Shrimps; and I think as many Their Gardens being moist, abound with these. No Creatures; for sure they were bred, not made. Were they but as Venemous as Rank, to gather Herbs were to hazard Martyrdom. They are so large, that you would almost believe the *Hesperides* were here, & these the *Dragons* that dit guard them.

You may travel the Country, though you have not a Guide; for you cannot baulk your Road, without the hazard of Drowning. There is not any use of an Harbinger. Wheresoever Men go, the Way is made before them. Had they Cities large as their Walls, *Rome* would be esteem'd a Bawble; 20 Miles in length is nothing for a Wagon to be hurried on one of them, where if your Fore-man be sober, you may travel in safety, otherwise you must have stronger Faith than *Peter* had, else you sink immediately. A Starting Horse endangers you to two Deaths at once, *breaking of your Neck & Drowning.*  
If

If your Way be not thus, it hangs in the Water, and at the approach of your Waggon, shall shake as if it were Ague-strucken. *Duke d'Alva's* asking of the Tenth Penny, frightened it into a *Palsie*, which all the *Mountebanks* they have bred since could never tell how to cure.

'Tis indeed but a Bridge of Swimming Earth, or a Flag somewhat thicker than ordinary; if the Strings crack, your course is shortned; you can neither hope for Heaven, nor fear Hell; you shall be sure to stick fast between them. Marry if your Faith flow *Purgatory height*, you may pray if you will for that to cleanse you from the Mud shall soil you.

'Tis a Green sod in Water, where if the *German Eagle* dares to bath himself, he's glad again to perch, that he may dry his Wings.

Some things they do that seem Wonders. 'Tis ordinary too see them fish for Fire in Water, which they catch in Nets, & transport to Land in their Boats, where they spread it more smoothly than a

*Mercer* doth his *Velvet*, when he would  
hook in an Heir upon his coming to Age.  
Thus lying in a Field, you would think  
you saw a Cattle of Green Cheese spread  
over with Black Butter.

If *Aetna* be Hell's Mouth, or Fore-  
gate, sure here's found the *Postern*. 'Tis  
the *Port Esquiline* of the World, where  
the whole earth doth vent her crude black  
gore, which the Inhabitants scrape away  
for Fuel, as Men with Spoons do Excre-  
ments from *Civet-Cats*.

Their ordinary Pack-Horses are all of  
Wood, who carry their Bridles in their  
Tails, and their Burdens in their Bellies.  
A strong Tide & a stiff Gale are the Spurs  
that make them speedy. When they tra-  
vel, they stand still, they drink up too  
much of their Way.

There is a Province amongst them,  
where every Woman carries a Cony in a  
*Lamb-skin*. 'Tis a Custom, and not one  
that travels ever leaves it behind her: now  
guess, if you can, what Beast that is, which  
is clad in a Fur both of Hair and Wool.

'They

They dress their Meat in *Aqua Cœlestis*, for it springs not as ours, from the Earth, but comes to them as *Manna* to the *Israelites*, falling from Heaven. This they keep under ground till it stinks, and then they pump it out again for use. So when you wash your Hands with one Hand, you had need to hold your Nose with the other; for though it be not Cordial, 'tis certainly a Strong Water.

The Elements are here at Variance, the subtil overswaying the grosser. The Fire consumes the Earth, & the Air the Water. They Burn Turffs, and Drain their Ground with Windmills; as if the *Cholick* were a Remedy for the *Stone*: And they would prove against *Phylosophy*, the World's Conflagration to be Natural; even shewing thereby, that the very Element of Earth is Combustible.

The Land that they have, they keep as neatly as a Courtier does his Beard. They have a Method in Mowing. 'Tis so intervein'd with Water and Rivers, that it is impossible to make a Common among

them. Even the *Brownists* are here at a stand, only they hold their Pride in wrangling for that which they never will find. Our Justices would be much at ease, although our *English* Poor were still among them; for, whatsoever they do, they can breack no Hedges. Sure had the Wise Men of *Gaiham* lived here, they would have studied some other Death for their Cuckow.

Their Ditches they frame as they list, and distinguish them into Nooks, as my Lord Mayor's Cook doth his Custards. Cleansen them they do often; but 'tis as Physitians give their Potions, more to catch the Fish, than cast the Mud out.

Though their Country be part of a Main Land, yet every House almost stands in an Island. And that though a Boor dwell in it, looks as smug as a Lady that had newly lock't up her Colours, & laid by her Irons. A gallant masquing Suit fits not more compleat, than a Coat of Thatch, though many years wearing.

If it stand dry, 'tis imbraced by *Vines*,

as

as if it were against the nature of a *Dutchman*, not to have *Baccus* his Neighbour. If you find it lower seated, 't is only a close Arbour in a Plumb of Willows & Alders, pleasant enough while the Dog-dayes last; but those past once, you must practise Wading, or be Prisoner till the next Spring; only a hard Frost, with the help of a Sledge, may release you.

The Bridge to this, is an Outlandish Plank, wiah a Box of Stones to poize it withal, which with the least Help, turns round, like the Executioner, when he whips off a Head. That when the Master is over, stands drawn, and then he is in his Castle.

'Tis sure his Fear that renders him suspicious. That he may therefore certainly see who enters, you shall ever find his Window made over his Door. But it may be, that is to shew you his Pedigree; for though his Ancestors were never known, their Arms are there; which (in spight of *Heraldry*) shall bear their Acchivement, with a Helmet for a Baron, at least. Marry



the Field, perhaps, shall be charged with Three Baskets, to shew what Trade his Father was.

Escutcheons are as plentiful as Gentry is scarce. Every man there is his own Herald; and he that has but Wit enough to invent a *Coat*, may challenge it as his own.

When you are entred the House, the first thing you encounter is a *Looking-glass*. No question but a true Emblem of Politick Hospitality; for though it reflect your self in your own Figure, 'tis yet no longer than while you are there before it. When you are gone once, it flatters the next Comer, without the least remembrance that you ever were there.

The next are the Vessels of the House, marshall'd about the Room like Watchmen; all as neat as if you were in a Citizen's Wife's Cabinet; for, unless it be *themselves*, they let none of *Gods Creatures* lose any thing of their Native Beauty.

Their Houses, especially in their Cities, are the best Eye-beauties of their Country: for Cost and Sight they far exceed.



exceed our *English*, but they want their Magnificence. Their Lining is yet more rich than their Out-side, not in Hangings, but Pictures, which even the poorest are there furnish't with. Not a Cocker but has his Toys for Ornament. Were the Knacks of all their Houses set together, there would not be such another *Bartholomew Fair* in *Europe*.

Their Artists for these are as rare as thought, for they can paint you a Fat Hen in her Feathers; and if you want the Language, you may learn a great deal of Dutch by their Signs; for, what they are, they ever write under them. So by this Device, hang up more Honesty than they keep.

Coaches are as rare as Comets; and those that live loosely, need not fear one Punishment, which often vexes such with us; they may be sure, though they be Discovered, they shall not be Carted.

All their Merchandise they draw through the Streets on Sledges; or as we on Hurdles do Traytors to Execution.

Their

Their Rooms are but several Land-boxes: if so, you must either go out to spit, or blush when you see the Map brought.

Their Beds are no other than Land-cabins, high enough to need a Ladder or Stairs; Up once, you are walled in with Wainscot; & that is good Discretion to avoid the trouble of making your *Will* every Night; for, once falling out, would break your Neck perfectly. But if you die in it, this Comfort you shall leave your Friends, *That you Dy'd in Clean Linnen.*

Whatsoever their Estates be, their Houses must be Fair; therefore from *Amsterdam* they have banish't Sea coal, lest it soil their Buildings, of which the statelier sort are sometimes sententious, and in the front carry some Conceit of the Owner; as to give you a taste in these:

*Christus adjutor meus.*

*Hoc abdicato perenne pereo.*

*Hic medio tutius itur.*

Every Door seems studded with Diamonds. The Nails & Hinges hold a constant Brightness, as if Rust there were not

a quality incident to Iron. Their Houses they keep cleaner than their Bodies, their Bodies than their Souls. Go to one, you shall find the Andirons shut up in Networks. At a second, the Warming-pan muffled in *Italian* Cut-work. At a third, the Sconce clad in Cambrick, and like a Crown, advanced in the middle of the House; for the Woman there is the Head of the Husband, so takes the Horn to her own charge, which she somitimes multiplies & bestows the Increase on her Man.

'Tis true, they are not so ready at this play, as the *English*; for neither are they so generally bred to't; nor are their Men such Linnen-lifters. Idleness and Courtship has not banisht Honesty. They speak more, and do less; yet doth their Blood boil high, and their Veins are full, which argues strongly, that when they will they may take up the Custom of *entertaining Strangers*: and having once done it, I believe they will be notable; for I have heard, they trade more for Love than Money; but 'tis of the Sport, not the man;

man, and therefore, when they like the Pastime, they will reward the Gamester; otherwise their gross Food and clownish Breeding hath spoiled them from being nobly-minded. And if you once in publick discover her private Favours, or pretend to more than is Civil, she falls off, like *Fairy*-wealth disclosed, and turns, like Beer with Lightning, to a Sowerness, which neither Art nor Labour can ever make sweet again.

But this I must give you on Report only ; Experience herein hath neither made me Fool nor Wise.

The People are generally Boorish, yet none but may be bred to a States-Man, they having all this Gift, Not to be so Nice-Conscienced , but that they can turn out Religion to let in Policy.

Their Country is the God they worship. War is their Heaven. Peace is their Hell: and the *Spaniard* is the Devil they hate. Custom is their Law ; and their Will, Reason.

You may sooner convert a *Jew*, than  
make

make an ordinary *Dutchman* yield to Arguments that cross him. An old Bawd is easilier turn'd *Puritan*, than a Waggoner perswaded not to bait thrice in nine Miles: and when he doth, his Horses must not stir, but have their Manger brought them into the Way, where in a top sweat they eat their Grass, and drink Water, and presently after hurry away; for they ever drive as if they were all the Sons of *Nimshi*, and were furiously either pursuing an Enemy, or flying him.

His spirits are generated from the *English* Beer, & that makes him Head-strong. His Body is built of Pickl'd Herring, and they render him Testy; these, with a little Butter, Onions & *Holland* Cheese, are the Ingredients of an ordinary *Dutchman*; which a Voyage to the *East-Indies*, with the Heat of the *Equinoctial* consolidates.

If you see him fat, he hath been rooting in a Cabbage-ground, and that bladdered him. Viewing him Naked, you will pray him to pull off his Masque and  
Gloves,

Gloves, or with him to hide his Face, that he may appear more lovely. For that and his Hands are *Egypt*, however his Body be *Europe*. He has exposed them so much to the Sun & Water, as he is now his own Disguise, & without a Vizard, may serve in any *Antimasque* you put him in.

For their Condition they are Churlish, as their Breeder *Neptune*; and without doubt, very *antient*, for they were bred before Manners were in fashion; yet all they have not, they account Superfluity, which they say, mends some, and marrs many.

They should make good Justices; for they respect neither Persons nor Apparel. A Boor in his liquor'd Slop, shall have as much good use as a Courtier in his Bravery, nay, more; for he that is but courtly or gentle, is among them like a *Merlyn* after *Michaelmas* in the field with *Crows*. They wonder at and envy, but worship no such Images. Marry, with a Silver Hook you shall catch these *Gudgeons* presently; the love of Gain being to them as natural as Water to a Goose, or Carrion to any Kite that flies. They

They are seldom Deceived; for they Trust no body; so by consequence are better to hold a Fort than win it; yet they can do both. Trust them you must if you travel; for, to ask a Bill of Perticulers, is to purre in a Wasp's Nest; you must pay what they ask, as sure as if it were the Assessment of a Subsidy.

Complement is an Idleness they were never trained up in; and 'tis their Happiness, that Court-Vanities have not stolen away their Minds from Business.

Their being Sailors and Soldiers, have marr'd two parts already; if they bath once in Court-oyl, they are painted Trapdoors; and shall then let the *Jews* build a City where *Harlem Meer* is, and after gozen 'em on't.

They shall abuse a Stranger for nothing, and after a few base terms, scratch one another to a Carbonade, or as they do their Coaches when they fry them.

Nothing can quiet them but Money & Liberty, yet when they have them, they abuse both; but if you tell them so, you  
awake



awake their Fury ; and you may sooner calm the Sea, than conjure that into compass again. Their Anger hath no Eyes ; and their Judgment doth not flow so much from Reason, as Passion and Partiality.

They are in a manner all *Aquaticles*, and therefore the *Spaniard* calls them *Water-Dogs*. To this, though you need not condescend, yet withal, you may think they can catch you a Duck as soon. *Sea Gulls* do not swim more readily ; nor *More-hens* from their Nest run sooner to the Water. Every thing is so made to swim among them, as it is a question, if *Elizens's* Ax were now floating there, it would be taken for a Miracle.

They love none but those that do for them ; and when they leave off, they neglect him. They have no Friends but their Kindred, which at every Wedding Feast are among themselves like Tribes.

All that help them not, they hold *Po-pish* ; and take it for an Argument of much Honesty, to Rail Bitterly against the



the King of *Spain*. And certainly, this is the Badge of an Ill Nature, when they have once cast off the Yoke, to be most virulent against those, to whom of right they owe Respect and Service. Gratefull Dispositions, though by their Lords they be exempt from Service, will yet be paying Reverence and Affection. I am confident, that had they not been once the Subjects of *Spain*, they would have loved the Nation better. But now out of dying Duty's Ashes all the Blazes of Hostility and Flame. And 'tis sufficient Ground to Condemn their eternal Hate, to know the World remembers, They were once the Lawful Subjects, of that most Catholick Crown.

Their Shipping is the *Babel*, which they boast on for the Glory of their Nation; 'tis indeed Wonder, and they will have it so. But we may well hope, they will never be so Mighty by Land, lest they shew us how doggedly they can insult, where they get Mastery.

'Tis their own Cronicle-Business, which

which can tell you, that at the Siege of *Leyden*, a Fort being held by the *Spanish*, by the *Dutch* was after taken by Assault; the Defendants were put to the Sword, where one of the *Dutch*, in the Fury of the Slaughter, rip't up the Captain's Body, & with a barbarous hand tore out the Yet-living Heart, panting among the reeking Bowels, then with his Teeth rent it still warm with Blood into Gobbets, which he spit over the *Battlements* in Defiance to the rest of the Army.

Oh *Tygers* breed! The *Schythian* Bear could never have been more Savage. To be necessitated into Cruelty, is a Misfortune to the strongly tempted to it: but to let Spleen rave, and mad it in resistless Blood, shews Nature stupid i'th livid Gall of Passion, and beyond all Brutishness, displays the Ignoble Tyranny of a prevailing Coward.

Their Navies are the Whip of *Spain*, or the Arm wherewith they pull away his *Indies*. Nature hath not bred them so active for the Land, as some others; but at  
Sea

Sea they are Water-Devills, to attempt things incredible.

In Fleets they can fight close, and rather hazard all, than save some, while others perish: but single they will flag and fear, like Birds in a Bush; when the *Sparrow hawk's* Bells are heard.

A *Turkish* Man of War is as dreadful to them as a *Falcon* to a *Mallard*; from whom their best Remedy is to steal away: but if they come to Blows, they want the valiant Stoutness of the *English*, who will rather expire bravely in a bold Resistance, than yield to the lasting Slavery of becoming Captives to so barbarous an Enemy. And this shews, they have not learned yet even Pagan Philosophy, which ever preferred an honourable Death before a Life thral'd to perpetual Slavery.

Their Ships lie like high Woods in Winter: and if you view them on the North-side, you frieze without hope; for they ride so thick, that you can through them see no Sun to warm you with.

Sailers among them are as common as

B

Beggars

Beggars with us. They can drink, rail, swear, niggle, steal, and be lowly, alike; but examining their use, a Mess of their Knaves are worth a Million of ours: for they in a boisterous rudeness can work, & live, and toil; whereas ours will rather laze themselves to Poverty, and like Cabbages left out in Winter, rot away in the loathsomeness of a nauseous Sloth.

Almost all among them are Seamen born, & like Frogs, can live both on Land and Water. Not a Country-Vrijster but can handle an Oar, steer a Boat, raise a Mast, and bear you out in the roughest straits you come in. The Ship she avouches much better for Sleep than a Bed. Being full of Humors, that is her Cradle, which lulls and rocks her to a dull Phlegmatickness, most of them looking like a full grown Oyster boiled. Slime, humid Air, Water, and wet Diet, have so bag'd their Cheeks, that some would take their Paunches to be gotten above their Chin.

The Country's Government is a Democracy, & there had need be many to  
rule

rule such a Rabble of Rude Ones. Tell them of a King, and they could cut your Throat in earnest. The very name carries Servitude in it, and they hate it more than a *Jew* doth Images, a Woman Old Age, or a Nonconformist a Surplice.

None among them hath Authority by Inheritance, that were the way in time to parcel out their Country to Families. They are chosen all as our Kings chuse Sheriffs for the Counties; not for their sin of Wit, but for the Wealth they have to bear it out withal; which they so over-affect, that *Myn Heer* shall walk the Streets as Usurers go to Bawdihouses, all alone and melancholly. And if they may be had cheap, he will dawb his faced Cloak with Two-penniworth of pickled Herrings, which himself shall carry home in a String. A Common Voice has given him Preeminence, and he loses it by living as he did when he was but a *Boor*. But if you pardon what is past, they are about thinking it time to learn more Civility.

Their Justice is strict, if it cross not Policy: but rather than hinder Traffick, tolerates any thing.

There is not under Heaven such a Den of several Serpents as *Amsterdam* is; you may be what Devil you will, so you push not the State with your Horns,

'Tis an University of all Religions, which grow here confusedly (like Stocks in a Nursery) without either Order or Pruning. If you be unsetled in your Religion, you may here try all, and take at last what you like best: If you fancy none, you have a Pattern to follow, of two, that would be a Church to themselves.

'Tis the Fair of all the Sects, where all the Pedlars of Religion have leave to vent their toys, their Ribbons, & Phana-tick Rattles. And should it be true, it were a cruel brand which *Romists* stick upon them; for, say they, as the *Chameleon* changes into all Colours but White; so they admit of all Religions but the True; for a *Papist* only may not exercise his in publick: yet his Restraint, they plead, is not in Hatred,

Hatred, but Justice, because the *Spaniard* abridges the *Protestant*. And they had rather shew a little Spleen, than not cry quit with their Enemy. His Act is their Warrant, which they retaliate justly. And for this reason, rather than the *Dunkirkers* they take shall not Dye, *Amsterdam* having none of their own, shall borrow a Hangman from *Harlem*.

Now, albeit the *Papists* do them wrong herein, yet can it not excuse their boundless *Toleration*, which shews they place their Republick in a higher esteem than Heaven it self; and had rather cross upon *God* than it. For, whosoever disturbs the Civil Government, is liable to Punishment; but the Decrees of Heaven, and Sanctions of the Deity, any one may break uncheck't, by professing what False Religion he please. So *Consulary Rome* of old brought all the stragling Godds of others Nations to the City, where blinded Superstition paid an Adoration to them.



In their Families they are all Equals; and you have no way to know the Master and Mistress, but by taking them in Bed together: it may be those are they; otherwise *Malky* can prate as much, laugh as loud, be as bold, and sit as well as her Mistress.

Had *Logicians* lived here first, Father and Son had never passed so long for Relatives: they are here Individuals; for no Demonstration of Duty or Authority can distinguish them, as if they were created together, and not born successively. And as for you Mother, bidding her *Good Night*, and Kissing her, is punctual Blessing.

Your Man shall be Saucy, and you must not Strike; if you do, he shall complain to the *Scout*, and perhaps have Recompence. 'Tis a dainty place to please Boys in, for your Father shall bargain with your Schoolmaster, not to Whip you, if he doth, he shall Revenge it with his Knife, and have Law for it.

Their Apparel is Civil enough, and  
Good



Good enough, but very uncomely, & has usually more stuff than shape. Only their *Huikes* are commodious in Winter; but 'tis to be lamented, that they have not Wit enough to lay them by when Summer comes.

Their Women would have good Faces, if they did not mar them with making. Their *Ear-wyers* have so nipt in their Cheeks, that you would think some Fairy, to do them a Mischief, had pincht them behind with tongs. These they dress, as if they would shew you all their Wit lay behind, and they needs would cover it. And thus ordered, they have much more Fore head than Face.

They love the *English Gentry* well; and when Soldiers come over to be billeted among them, they are *emulous* in chusing of their Guest, who fares much the better for being liked by his *Hostess*.

Men and Women are there *starched so blew*, that if they once grow old, you would verily believe you saw *Winter* walking up to the Neck in a Barrel of *Indigo*.

And therefore they rail at *England* for spending no more *blewing*.

A Man among them is else clad tolerably, unless he incline to the Sea fashion; and then are his Breeches yawning at the Knees, as if they were about to swallow his Legs unmercifully.

They are far there from going Naked; for of a whole Woman, you can see but half a Face. As for her Hand, that shews her a sore Labourer; which you shall ever find, as it were in Recompence, laden with Rings, to the cracking of her Fingers. If you look lower, she's a Monkey, chain'd about the middle; and had rather want it in Dyet, than not have Silver Links to hang her Keys in.

Their Gowns are fit to hide Great Bellies, but they make them shew so unhandsome that Men do not care for getting them. Marry, this you shall find to their Commendation, their Smocks are ever whiter than their Skin.

Where the Woman lies in the Ringle of the Door does Pennance, and is lapped about

about with Linnen, either to shew you that loud knocking may wake the Child; or else, that for a Moneth the Ring is not to be run at But if the Child be dead, there is thrust out a Nosegay, tied to a Stick's end, perhaps for an Emblem of the Life of Man, which may wither as soon as born; or else to let you know, that though these fade upon their gathering, yet from the same stock, the next year, a new shoot may spring.

You may rail at us for often changing; but I assure you, with them is a great deal more following the Fashion, which they will plead for as the ignorant Laity for their Faith; They will keep it, because their Ancestors lived in it. Thus they will rather keep an old Fault, though they discover Errors in it, than in an easie Change to meet a certain Remedy.

For their Diet, they eat much, & spend little: when they set out a Fleet to the *Indies*, it shall live 3 moneths on the *Of-fals*, which we here fear would surfeit our Swine; yet they feed on't, and are still the same *Dutchmen*.

In their Houses Roots and Stockfish are Staple Commodities. If they make a Feast, and add Flesh, they have Art to keep it hot more days than a *Pigs-head* in *Py-corner*. Salt Meats and sour Cream they hold him a Fool that loves not, only the last they correct with Sugar; and are not half so well pleased with having it sweet at first, as with letting it sower, that they may sweeten it again; as if a Woman were not half so pleasing being easily won, as after a scolding fit she comes by a Man to be calmed again.

Fish indeed they have brave and plentiful; and herein Practice hath made them Cooks, as good as ere *Lucullus* his latter Kitchen had, which is some Recompence for their Wilfulness; for you can neither pray nor buy them to alter their own Cookery.

To a Feast they come readily, but being set once, you must have Patience. They are longer Eating Meat, than we Preparing. If it be to Supper, you conclude timely when you get away by Day break.  
They

They drink down the Evening Star, and drink up the Morning Star. At those times it goes hard with a Stranger; all in Courtesie will be drinking to him; and all that do so, he must pledge; till he doth, the fill'd Cups circle round his trencher, from whence they are not taken away till emptied. For though they give you day for payment, yet they will not abate the sum. They sit not there as we in *England*, Men together & Women first; but ever intermingled, with a Man between: and instead of Marchpanes, and such Juncates, 'tis Good Manners if any be there, to carry away a piece of *Apple-pye* in your Pocket.

The time they there spend, is in eating well, in drinking much, and prating most. For the truth is, the compleatest Drinker in *Europe* is your *English* Gallant; there is no such Consumer of Liquor, as the Quaffing-off of his Healths. Time was, the *Dutch* had the better of it; but of late he hath lost it, by Prating too long over his Pot. He Sips and Laughs,

and tells his tale, & in a Tavern is more prodigal of his time than his Wine. He drinks as if he were short-winded, and as it were, eats his Drink by Morsels, rather besieging his Brains, than assaulting them. But the *Englishman* charges home on the suddain, swallows it whole, and like a hasty Tide, fills and flows himself, till the mad Brain swims, and tosses on the hasty fume; as if his Liver were burning out of his Stomach, and he striving to quench it, drowns it. So the one is drunk sooner, and the other longer; as if striving to recover the Wager, the *Dutchman* would still be the perfectest Soker.

*In this Progress you have seen some of their Vices; now view a Fairer Object.*

Solomon

**S**olomon *tells of Four Things that are smal and full of Wisdom ; The Pismire , the Grashopper , the Coney , and the Spider.*

**F**Or *Providence*, they are the *Pismires* of the World ; and having nothing but what Grass affords them , are yet for almost all Provisions, the Storehouse of whole *Christendom*. What is it which there may not be found in plenty ; they making by their Industry all the Fruits of the vast Earth their own. What Land can boast a Priviledge that they do not partake of ? They have not of their own enough Materials to compile one Ship ; yet how many Nations do they furnish ? The remoter angles of the World do by their Pains deliver them their Sweets ; and being of themselves in want , their Diligence hath made them both *Indies* nearer home.



They are Frugal, to the saving of Eggs-shells; and maintain it for a Maxim, *That a thing last longer Mended than New.*

Their *Cities* are their *Mole-hills*; their *Schutes* and *Fly-boats* creep and return with their Store for Winter: every one is busie, and carries his *Grain*; as if every *City* were a several *Hive*, and the *Bees* not permitting a *Drone* to inhabit; for, Idle Persons must find some other Mansion. And lest Necessity bereave Men of Means to set them on work, there are publick Banks, that (without Use) lend upon Pawns to all the Poor that want.

There is a Season when the *Pismires* flye; and so each *Summer* they likewise swarm abroad with their Armies.

The *Ant*, says one, *is a Wise Creature, but a shrewd thing in a Garden or Orchard.* And truly so are they; for they look upon others too little, and upon themselves too much. And wheresoever they light in a pleasant or rich Soil, like Suckers and lower Plants, they rob from the root of that Tree which gives them *Shade*  
and



and *Protection* ; so their Wisdom is not indeed Heroick or Numinal, as courting an Universal Good ; but rather narrow and restrictive, as being a Wisdom but for themselves ; which to speak plainly, is descending into Craft, and is but the sinister part of that which is really Noble and Coelestial.

Nay, in all they hold so true a proportion with the *Emmet*, as you shall not find they want so much as the Sting.

For dwelling in Rocks, they are *Conies* ; and while the *Spanish Tumbler* plays about them, they rest secure in their own *inaccessibie Burrows* : where have you under Heaven such impregnable Fortifications, where Art beautifies Nature, and Nature makes Art invincible ? Herein indeed they differ, The *Conies* find Rocks, and they make them. And as if they would invert the Miracle of *Moses*, they raise them in the Bosom of the Waves where within these twenty Year Ships furrowed in the Pathless Ocean, the peaceful Plough now unbowels the fertile

tile Earth, which at night is carried home to the fairest Mansions in *Holland*.

Every Town hath his Garrison, & the Keys of the Gates in the Night time are not trusted but in the Stadt-house; from these Holds they bolt abroad for Provisions, and then return to their Fastnesses replenished.

For War, they are Grashoppers, & without a King go forth in Bands to conquer Kings. They have not only defended themselves at their own home, but have braved the *Spaniard* at his. In *An. 1599.* under the command of *vander Does*, was the *Grand Canary* taken, the Chief City sack't, the King of *Spain's* Ensigns taken down, and the Colours of his Excellency set up in their room. In the year 1600. the *Battle of Nieuport* was a gallant piece, when with the loss of 1000. or little more, they slew 7000. of their Enemies, took above 100. *Ensigns*, the *Admiral of Arragon* was made Prisoner, the very Furniture of the *Arch-Duke's* own Chamber and Cabinet, yea the Signet that belonged to his Hand. In

In 1607 they assailed the *Armado* of Spain, in the Bay of *Gibraltar*, under covert of the Castle and Town Ordinance, and with the loss of 150. slew above 2000. and ruin'd the whole *Fleet*. Certainly a bolder Attempt has scarce ever been done. The *Indian Mastiff* never was more fierce against the angry *Lyon*; nor can the *Cock* in his crowing valour, become more prodigal of his Blood than they.

There hardly is upon Earth such a School of Martial Discipline. 'Tis the *Christian-World's Academy* for Arms, whither all the Neighbour Nations resort to be instructed; where they may observe how unresistable a Blow many small grains of Powder will make, being heaped together, which yet if you separate, can do nothing but sparkle and dye.

Their Recreation is the *Practice of Arms*; and they learn to be Soldiers sooner than Men: nay, as if they placed a Religion in Arms, every Sunday is concluded with the Train'd-bands marching through their Cities.

For

For Industry, they are *Spiders*, and are in the Palaces of Kings. Of old they were the Guard of the Person of the *Roman* Emperor ; and by the *Romans* themselves, declared to be their *Friends and Companions*. There is none have the like Intelligence. Their Merchants are at this day the Greatest of the Universe. What Nation is it, where they have not insinuated ; nay, which they have not almost Anatomized, and even discovered the very intrinsick Veins on't ?

Even among us, they shame us with their Industry, which makes them seem as if they had a Faculty from the World's Creation, out of Water to make dry Land appear. They win our Drowned Grounds, which we cannot recover, and chase back *Neptune* to his own Old Banks.

All that they do, is by such Labour as it seems extracted out of their own Bowels; and in their wary Thrift, they hang by such a slender Sustainment of Life, that one would think their Own Weight should be enough to crack it.

Want

Want of Idleness keeps them from Want ; and 'tis their Diligence makes them Rich.

A fruitful Soil encreaseth the Harvest ; a plentiful Sun augments the Store ; and seasonable Showres drop Fatness on the Crop we reap. But no Rain fructifies more than the Dew of Sweat.

You would think , being with them , you were in old *Israel* ; for you find not a Beggar among them : Nor are they mindful of their own alone , but Strangers also partake of their Care & Bounty ; if they will depart , they have *Money for their Convoy* ; if they stay , *they have Work provided* ; if unable , *they find an Hospital*. Their Providence extends even from the Prince to the catching of Flies. And lest you lose an Afternoon by fruitless Mourning , by two of the Clock all Burials must end ; wherein to prevent the Waste of Ground , they pile Coffin upon Coffin till the Sepulche be full.

In all their Manufactures they hold a *truth and constancy* ; for they are as Fruits from

from Trees, the same every year they are at first; not Apples one year, and Crabs the next, & so forever after. In the sale of these they also are at a word, they will gain rather than exact; and have not that way whereby our Citizens abuse the Wise and cozen the Ignorant; and by their infinite Over-asking for Commodities, proclaim to the World, that they would cheat all, if it were in their power.

The Depravation of Manners they punish with Contempt; but the Defects of Nature they favour with Charity. Even their *Bedlam* is a Place so Curious, that a Lord might live in it: their *Hospital* might lodge a Lady. So that safely you may conclude, amongst them even *Poverty* & *Madness* do both inhabit handsomely. And though Vice makes every thing turn sordid, yet the *State* will have the very Correction of it to be Neat, as if they would shew, that though Obedience fail, yet Government must be still it self, and decent. To prove this, they that do but view their *Bridewell*, will think it may receive

receive a Gentleman, though a Gallant :  
 And so their Prison, a Wealthy Citizen :  
 but for a Poor Man, 'tis his best Policy to  
 be laid there, *for he that casts him in must*  
*maintain him.*

Their Language, though it differ from  
 the higher *Germany*, yet has it the same  
 Ground, & is as old as *Babel*; and albeit  
 harsh, yet so lofty and full a Tongue, as  
 made *Goropius Becanus* maintain it for  
 the Speech of *Adam* in his *Paradise*. And  
 surely, if there were not other Reasons  
 against it, the significancy of the Ancient  
*Teutonic* might carry it from the primeſt  
 Dialect. *Steven of Bruges* reckons up  
 2170 Monosyllables, which being com-  
 pounded, how richly do they Grace a  
 Tongue? A Tongue, that for the gene-  
 ral profeſſion, is extended further than  
 any that I know. Through both the  
*Germanies*, *Denmark*, *Norway*, *Sweden*,  
 and ſometimes *France*, *England* & *Spain*:  
 And ſtill among us, all our Word are  
*Dutch*, with yet ſo little change, that cer-  
 tainly it is in a manner the ſame that it  
 was



was 2000 years ago , without the too much mingled Borrowings of their Neighbour Nations.

The *Germans* are a People, that more than all the World, I think, may boast Sincerity, as being for some thousand of years a pure & unmixed people. And surely, I see not but their Conduction by *Tuisco*, from the building of *Babel*, may pass as unconfuted Story, they yet retaining the Apellation from his name.

They are a large and numerous People, having ever kept their own, and transported Colonies into other Nations; in *Italy* were the *Longobards*; in *Spain* the *Gothes* and *Vandalls*; in *France* the *Franks*, or *Franconians*, in *England* the *Saxons*: having in all these left reverend Steps of their Antiquity and Language.

It is a noble Testimony that so grave an Historian as *Tacitus* hath left still extant of them, and written above Fifteen hundred years ago; *Deliberant dum fingere nesciunt : Constituunt dum errare non possunt.* They deliberate when they cannot

not Dissemble, and resolve when they cannot Err.

Two Hundred & ten Years the *Romans* were in conquering them, in which space on either side were the Losses sad and fatal; so as neither the *Samnites*, the *Carthagenians*, the *Spaniards*, the *Gauls*, no nor the *Parthians* ever troubled them like the *Germans*. They slew and took Prisoners several Commanders of the highest rank, as, *Carbo*, *Cassius*, *S. Caurus*, *Aurelius*, *Cervilius*, *Cepio*, & *M. Manlius*. They defeated five *Consulary Armies*, and *Varus* with three *Legions*; yet after all this he concludes, *Triumphati magis quam victi sunt*. They were rather triumphed over than conquered. To conform this, the keeping of their own Language is an Argument unanswerable; the change whereof ever follows upon the fully vanquished, as we may see it did in *Italy*, *France*, *Spain* & *England*.

And this he speaks of the Nation in general: nor was the Opinion of the *Romans* less worthy in particular, concerning

ning these lower Provinces, which made them for their Valour & Warlike Minds stile them by the name of *Gallia Belgica*, and especially of the *Batavians*, which were the *Hollanders* & part of *Guelanders*. You may hear in what honourable terms he mentions them, where speaking of the several People of *Germany*, he says, *Omnium harum Gentium virtute præcipui Batavi: Nam nec tributis contemnuntur, nec publicanus atterit: exempti oneribus & collationibus, & tantum in usum præliorum sepositi, velut tela atque arma bellicis reservantur.* Of all these Nations the Principal in valiant Vertue are the *Batavians*; for neither are they become despicable by paying of Tribute, nor oppressed too much by the Farmer of publick Revenues, but free from Taxes and Contributions of Servility; they are specially set apart for the Fight, as Armour and Weapons only reserved for War.

All this, even at this day, they seem to make good; for of all the World they are the People that thrive & grow rich by the  
the

the War, like the *Porcipesce*, that plays in the Storm, but at other times keeps sober under the Warer.

War, which is the World's Ruin, and ravins upon the Beauty of all, is to them Prosperity and Ditation. And surely the Reason of this is, their Strength in Shipping, the Open Sea, their many Fortified Towns, & the Country, by reason of its lowness and plentiful irrigation, becoming impassable for an Army when the Winter but approaches: Otherwise it is hardly possible, that so small a parcel of Mankind should brave the Most Potent Monarch of Christendom, who in his own Hands holds the Mines of the Wars sinews, *Money*; and has now got a Command so wide, that out of his Dominions the *Sun* can neither rise nor set.

The whole *Seventeen Provinces* are not above a thousand *English Miles* in Circuit, and in the *States Hands* there is not *Seven* of those; yet have they in the Field sometimes 60000 Soldiers, besides those which they always keep in Garri-  
C
son,

son, which cannot be but a considerable number, near Thirty Thousand; there being in the whole Country above two hundred Wall'd Towns and Cities. So that if they have People for the War, one would wonder where they should get Money to pay them, they being, when they have an Army in the Field, at a thousand Pound a day charge extraordinary.

To maintain this, their Excise is an unwasted Mine, which with the infiniteness of their Traffick, and their untired Industry, is by every part of the World in something or other contributed to.

The Sea yields them by two sorts of Fish only, *Herrings* and *Cod*, sixty thousand pound *per annum*; for which they go out sometimes seven or eight hundred Boats at once; and for greater Ships, they are able to set out double the number.

Their Merchandise amounted in *Guicciardine's* time to Fourteen Millions *per annum*. Where as *England*, which is in compass almost as large again, and hath the Ocean as a Ring about her, made not  
above

above six Millions yearly ; so sedulous are these *Bees* to labour and enrich their Hive.

As they on the Sea, so the Women are busie on Land in weaving of Nets, and helping to add to the heap. And though a Husband's long Absence might tempt them to Lascivious Wayes, yet they hate Adultery, and are resolute in Matrimonial Chastity. I do not remember that ever I read in Story, of any great Lady of that Nation, that hath been tax't with looseness : And questionless, 'tis their ever being busie, makes them have no leisure for Lust.

'Tis Idleness that is *Cupid's* Nurse ; but business breaks his Bow, and makes his Arrows useles.

They are both Merchants & Farmers ; and there act parts, which men can but discharge with us : as if they would shew, that the Souls in all are Masculine and not varied into weaker Sex, as are the Bodies that they wear about them.

Whether this be from the nature of  
C 2 their

their Country, in which, if they be not laborious, they cannot live; or from an Innate Genius of People by a Superiour Providence adapted to them of such a situation; from their own inclinations addicted to Parsimony; from Custom in their way of Breeding; from any transcendency of active parts more than other Nations; or from being in their Country, like people in a City besieged, whereby their own Vertues do more compact and fortifie, I will not determine. But certainly, in general they are the most painful & diligent People on Earth, and of all other the most truly of *Vespasianus* his Opinion, to think, that *Ex re qualibet bonus odor lacri*: Be it raised from what it will, the Smell of Gain is pleasant.

Yet they are in some sort Gods; for they set Bounds to the Seas, and when they list, let it pass again: even their Dwelling is a Miracle. They live lower than the Fishes, in the very Lap of the Floods, and incircled in their watry Arms. They are the *Israelites*, passing through the Red Sea;



Sea; the Waters wall them in, and if they set open their Sluces, shall drown up their Enemies.

They have struggl'd long with *Spain's Pharaoh*, and they have at length enforced him to let them go. They are a *Gideon's Army* upon the march again: they are the *Indian Rat*, gnawing the Bowels of the *Spanish Crocodile*, to which they got when he gap'd to swallow them; they are a *Serpent* wreathed about the Legs of that *Elephant*; they are the little *Sword-fish*, pricking the Belly of the *Whale*; they are the *Wane of that Empire* which increas'd in *Isabella*, and in *Charles the 5th* was at full.

They are a *Glass*, wherein *Kings* may see, that though they be *Sovereigns* over *Lives and Goods*, yet when they *Usurp* upon *God's Part*, and will be *Kings* over *Conscience* too, they are sometimes punish'd with loss of that which *Lawfully* is their own. That *Religion* too fiercely urged is to stretch a *String* till it not only jars, but cracks, and in the break-

ing, whips (perhaps) the Streiner's Eye out.

That an extream Taxation is to take away the Honey while the Bees keep the Hive; whereas he that would do that, should first either burn them, or drive them out. That Tyrants in their Government are the greatest Traitors to their own States. That a desire of being too Absolute, is to walk upon *Pinacles* and the tops of *Piramides*, where not only the footing is full of hazard, but even the Sharpness of that they tread on may run into their Foot, & wound them. That too much to regrate on the Patience of but fickle Subjects, is to press a thorn till it prick your Finger. That nothing makes a more desperate Rebel, than a *Prerogative* inforced too far.

That Liberty in Man is as the Skin to the Body, not to be put off, but together with Life. That they which will command more than they ought, shall not at last command so much as is fit.

That moderate Princes sit faster in  
their

their Regalities, than such as being but Men, would yet have their Power over their Subjects, as the *Gods unlimited*. That *Oppression* is an *Iron heated till it burns the hand*. That to debar some *States* of *ancient Priviledges*, is for a *Falcon* to undertake to Beat a Flock of Wild Geese out of the *Fens*. That to go about to compel a fullen Reason to submit to a wilful Peremptoriness, is so long to beat a *Chain'd Mastiff* into his *Kennel*, till at last he turns, & flies at your throat. That *Unjust Policy* is to shoot as they did at *Ostend*, into the Mouth of a charg'd Cannon, to have *two Bullets return'd for one*. That he doth but indanger himself, that riding with too weak a Bit, provokes a head strong Horse with a Spur. That its safer to meet a Valiant Man *weaponless*, than almost a Coward in *Armour*. That even a Weak Cause with a Strong Castle, will boil *salt blood* to a *Rebellious Itch*. That 'tis better keeping a Crazy Body in an equal temper, than to anger Humors by too sharp a *Phyick*.

That Admonitions from a Dying Man are too serious to be neglected. That there is nothing certain that is not impossible. That a Cobler of *Flushing* was one of the greatest Enemies that the King of *Spain* ever had.

To conclude, the Country it self is a Moted Castle, keeping a Garnish of the richest Jewels of the World in't; the Queen of *Bohemia*, and her Princely Children.

The People in it are *Jew* of the New Testament, that have exchanged nothing but the Law for the Gospel; and this they rather profess than practise. Together a Man of War riding at *Anchor* in the Downs of *Germany*.

For forreign Princes to help them, is wise Self policy: When they have made them able to defend themselves against *Spain*, they are at the Pale; if they enable them to offend others, they go beyond it. For questionless, were this thorn out of the *Spaniards* side, he might be fear'd too soon to grasp his long-intended

ded Monarchy. And were the *Spaniard* but possessed Lord of the *Low Countries*, or had the States but the Wealth & Power of *Spain*, the rest of *Europe* might be like people at Sea in a Ship on fire, that could only chuse, whether they would drown or burn. Now, their War is the Peace of their Neighbours. So *Rome*, when busied in her Civil Broils, the *Parthians* lived at rest; but those concluded once by *Cesar*, next are they designed for Conquest.

If any man wonder at these Contraries, let him look in his own Body for as many several Humors; in his own Brain for as many different Fancies; in his own Heart for as various Passions; and from all these he may learn, *That there is not in all the World such another Beast as Man.*

F I N I S.

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21411

A Perfect  
 DESCRIPTION  
 OF THE  
 People & Country  
 OF  
 SCOTLAND.

**F**irst, for the Country, I must confess, it is good for those that possess it, and too bad for others to be at the Charge to Conquer it. The Air might be wholsom, but for the stinking People that inhabit it: the Ground might be Fruitful, had they Wit to manure it.

Their *Beasts* be generally small, *Women* only excepted; of which sort there are none greater in the whole World.



There is great store of Fowl too, as foul Houses, foul Sheets, foul Linnen, foul Dishes and Pots, foul Trenchers and Napkins; with which sort we have been forced to say, as the Children did with their Fowl in the Wilderness. They have good store of Fish too, and good for those that can eat it raw; but if it come once into their hands, it is worse than if it were three days old. For their *Butter* and *Cheese*, I will not meddle withal at this time, nor no man else at any time that loves his Life.

They have great store of *Deer*, but they are so far from the place where I have been, that I rather believe, than go to disprove it; I confess, all the *Deer* I met withal, was *deer* Lodgings, *deer* Horse-meat, and *deer* Tobacco and *English* Beer.

As for *Fruit*, for their Grandfire *Adam*'s sake they never planted any; and for other trees, had *Christ* been betrayed in this Country, (as doubtless he should, had he come as a Stranger) *Judas* had sooner found the *Grace of Repentance*,  
than

than a Tree to Hang Himself on.

They have many Hills, wherein they say, is much *Treasure*; but they shew none of it: Nature has only discover'd to them some Mines of *Coal*, to shew to what end he created them.

I saw little *Grass*, but in their *Pottage*: the *Thistle* is not given of nought; for it is the fairest Flower in their Garden. The word *Hay* is *Heaven-Greek* to them; neither *man* nor *beast* knows what it means.

Corn is reasonable plenty at this time; for since they heard of the King's coming, it has been as Unlawful for the common people to eat *Wheat*, as it was in the old time for any, but the Priests, to eat *Shew-bread*. They pray'd much for his coming, and long-fasted for his Welfare; but in the more plain sense, that he might fare the better: All his Followers were welcome, but his Guard; for those, they say, are like *Pharaoh's Lean Kine*, and threaten Death wheresoever they come; they could perswade the Footman, that *Oaten Cakes* would make  
 C 7 them

them long-winded; and the Children of the Chappel they have brought to eat of'em for the maintenance of their Voices.

They say, our Cooks are too sawcy; and for Grooms & Coachmen, they wish them to give to their Horses no worse than they eat themselves: They commend the brave minds of the Pensioners & the Gentlemen of the Bed-chambers, which chose rather to go to Taverns, than to be always eating of the King's Provision; they likewise do commend the Yeomen of the Buttery and Cellar, for their readiness and silence, in that they will hear 20 Knocks before they will answer one: they perswade the Trumpeters, that Fasting is good for men of that quality; for emptines, they say, causes wind & wind causes a Trumpet to sound well.

The bringing of Heralds, they say, was a needless charge; they all know their Pedigree, well enough: and the Harbingers might have been spared, seeing they brought so many Beds with them; & of two Evils, since the least should be chosen, they wish the Beds might remain with them, & poor Harbingers  
keep

keep their places, and do their Office as they return. His Hangings they desire might likewise be left as Reliques, to put them in mind of his Majesty: and they promise to dispense with the wooden Images, but for those graven Images in his new-beautified Chappel, they threaten to pull down soon after his departure, & to make of them a Burnt offering to appease the Indignation they imagin'd conceiv'd against them i'th Brest of the Almighty, for suffering such Idolatry to enter into their Kingdom; the Organ, I think, will find Mercy, because (say they) *there's some affinity between them and the Bagpipes.*

The Skipper that brought the Singing-men, with their Papistical Vestments, complains, *that he has been much troubled with a strange singing in his head, ever since they came aboard his Ship; for remedy where of the Parson of the Parish has perswaded him, to sell that prophane Vessel, & to distribute the mony among the faithful breithren.*

For his Majesty's entertainment, I must needs ingenuously confess, he was  
re-

received into the Parish of *Edenbourg*, (for a City I cannot call it) with great shouts of Joy, but no shews of charge for Pageants; they hold them Idolatrous things, and not fit to be used in so reformed a place; from the Castle they gave him some Pieces of Ordinance, which surely he gave them since he was King of *England* & at the Entrance of the Town, they presented him with a Golden Bason, which was carried before him on Men's Shoulders to his Palace; I think, from whence it came. His Majesty was convey'd by the Yonkers of the Town, which were about 100 Halberds (dearly shall they rue it, in regard of the Charge) to the *Cross*, & so to the *high Church* where the only Bell they had stood on tip-toe, to behold his sweet Face, where I must intreat you to spare him, for an hour I lost him.

In the mean time, to report the Speeches of the People concerning his never-exempl'd Entertainment, were to make this discourse too tedious unto you, as the  
Ser-

Sermon was to those that were constrained to endure it. After the Preachment he was conducted by the same Halberds unto his Palace, of which I forbear to speak, because it was a place sanctified by his divine Majesty; only I wish it had been better Walled for my Friend's sake that waited on him.

Now I will begin briefly to speak of the People, according to their Degrees and Qualities: For the *Lords Spiritual*, they may well be termed so indeed; for they are neither *Fish* nor *Flesh*, but what it shall please their Earthly God, the King, to make them. *Obedience is better than Sacrifice*; & therefore they make a Mock at *Martyrdom*, saying, *That Christ was to Dye for Them, and not They for Him.* They will rather subscribe, than surrender, and rather dispense with small things, than trouble themselves with great Disputation; they will rather acknowledge the King to be their Head, than want wherewith to pamper their Bodies.

They have taken great Pains & Trouble

ble to compass their Bishopricks, & they will not leave them for a trifle; for a Deacon, whose Defects will not lift them up to Dignities, all their study is, to disgrace them that have gotten the least degree above them; and because they cannot Bishop, they proclaim, *they never heard of any. The Scriptures, say they, speak of Deacons & Elders, but not a word of Bishops.* Their Discourses are full of Detraction; their Sermons nothing but Railing; and their Conclusions nothing but *hereses & treasons.* For their religion they have, I confess they have it above reach, and, God willing, I will never reach for it.

They Christen without the Cross, Marry without the Ring, receive the Sacrament without Reverence, die without Repentance, & bury without Divine Service; they keep no Holy days, nor acknowledge any Saint but St. Andrew, who they said, *got that Honour by presenting Christ with an Oaten Cake after his forty days fast.* They say likewise, *that he that translated the Bible, was the son of a Maulster,*



*Maulster, because it speaks of a Miracle done by Barley-Loaves; whereas they swear, they were Oaten-Cakes, and that no other Bread of that quantity could have sufficed so many Thousands.*

They use no Prayer at all; for they say it is needless, God knows their Minds without prating; and what he doth, he loves to do it freely. Their Sabbath Exercise is a Preaching in the Forenoon, & a Persecuting in the Afternoon; they go to Church in the Forenoon to hear the Law, and to the Craggs and Mountains in the Afternoon to Lounge themselves.

They hold their Noses if you talk of Bear-baiting, and stop their Ears if you speak of Play: Fornication they hold but a Pastime, wherein Man's Ability is approved, & a Woman's Fertility is discover'd: At Adultery they shake their heads; Theft they rail at; Murder they wink at; & Blasphemy they laugh at; they think it impossible to lose the Way to Heaven, if they can but leave *Rome* behind them.

To be opposite to the Pope, is to be  
pre-

presently with God ; to conclude , I am perswaded , that if God and his Angels at the Last Day , should come down in their whitest Garments , they would run away , and cry , *The Children of the Chappel are come again to torment us ; let us flee from the Abomination of these Boys , and hide our selves in the Mountains.*

For the Lords Temporal and Spiritual temporizing , *Gentlemen* , if I were apt to speak of any , I could not speak much of them ; only I must let you know , they are not *Scottishmen* ; for as soon as they fall from the Breast of the Beast their Mother their careful Father posts them away for *France* , which as they pass , the Sea sucks from them that which they have suck't from their rude Dams ; there they gather now Flesh , new Blood , new Manners , and there they learn to put on their Cloaths , and then return into their Country to wear them out ; there they learn to stand , speak , discourse and congee to court Women , and to complement with Men .

They spared for no Cost to honour the  
King ;

King; nor for no complemental Courtſhip  
to welcom their Countrymen; their Fol-  
lowers are their Fellows, their Wives  
their Slaves, their Horſes their Maſters,  
and their Swords their Judges; by reaſon  
whereof, they have but few Labourers, &  
thoſe not very rich: their Parliaments hold  
but 3 Days, their Statutes 3 Lines, and  
their Suits are determin'd in a manner in  
3 Words, or very few more.

The Wonders of their Kingdom are  
theſe, the *Lord Chancellor*, he is believ'd;  
the *Maſter of the Rolls*, well ſpoken of;  
and the whole *Council*, who are the  
Judges for all Cauſes, are free from Suſpi-  
tion of Corruption. The Country, al-  
though it be Mountainous, affords no  
Monſters but Women, of which, the  
greateſt ſort (as Counteſſes and Ladies)  
are kept like Lyons in Iron Grates; the  
Merchants Wives are alſo Priſoners, but  
not in ſo ſtrong a Hold; they have Wood,  
or Cages like our Boor Franks, through  
which ſometimes peeping to catch the air,  
we are almoſt choaked with the ſight of  
them;

them; the greatest Madness amongst the Men is Jealousie, in that they fear what no man that hath but two of his Sences will take from them.

The Ladies are of opinion, that *Susanna* could not be chaste, because she bathed so often. Pride is a thing bred in their Bones, and their Flesh naturally abhors Cleanlines; their Breath commonly stinks of Pottage, their Linnen of Piss, their Hands of Pigs-turds, their Body of Sweat & their Splay Feet never offend in Socks. To be chain'd in Marriage with one of them, were to be ty'd to a dead Carcass, & cast into a stinking Ditch; Formosity & a dainty Face, are things they dream not of.

The Oyntments they most frequently use amongst them, are Brimstone & Butter for the Scab, and Oyl of Bays and Stavesacre. I protest, I had rather be the meanest Servant of the two of my Pupils Chamber maids, than to be the Master-Minion to the fairest Countess I have yet discover'd. The sin of Curiosity of Oyntments is but newly crept into 'th kingdom & I don't think will long continue. To

To draw you down by Degrees from the Citizens Wives , to the Country-Gentlewomen, and convey you to common Dames in *Seacoal-lane* , that converse with Ragg and Marrow-Bones, are things of Mineral race ; every Whore in *Hounsditch* is an *Helena* ; and the Greasie Dames in Comparison of these. And therefore to conclude, the Men of old did no more wonder, that the great *Messias* should be born in so poor a Town as *Bethlehem* in *Judea* , than I do wonder that so brave a Prince as King *James* should be born in so stinking a Town as *Edenbourg* , in lousie *Scotland*.

F I N I S.



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